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“THE · PILGRIM · SPIRIT”
AS PORTRAYED IN
THE · PLYMOUTH · PAGEANT
OF
1921



JOSEPH DILLAWAY SAWYER



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Book 527

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“THE PILGRIM SPIRIT”

*SHOWN IN THE PILGRIM PAGEANT STAGED
AT PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS
JULY AND AUGUST
1921*

Supplemented by

AN ILLUSTRATED PORTRAYAL
OF THE SEPARATISTS' STRUG-
GLES FROM SPIRITUAL AND
BODILY BONDAGE TO FREEDOM

BY

JOSEPH DILLAWAY SAWYER

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1921

*DEDICATED TO MY
PILGRIM AND PURITAN
ANCESTORS*



Lief Erikson's home as located by the late Professor Horsford of Harvard College on the banks of the Charles River.

Landing of Lief Erikson and His Home



LANDING OF COLUMBUS



Hudson Landing on the Shores of the River that afterward Bore His Name

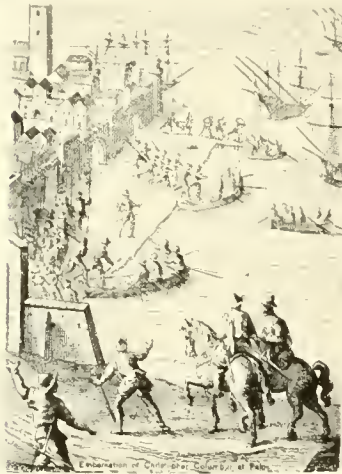


The Pilgrim Landing on Plymouth Rock



The first landing at Boston

SIX PIVOTAL LANDING IN AMERICA—Lief Erickson in Vineland—Columbus on Cat Island—Hudson near New Amsterdam—Smith at Jamestown—The Pilgrim on Plymouth Rock—The Puritan on Trimountain.



"Adieu, Columbus; may you bring honor and riches to Spain," said the Bishop as he blessed the fearless voyagers.

THE MEN WHO TURNED THE SEA FURROW
THAT LED TO WESTERN SHORES



Courtesy Cyrus E. Dallin

MASSASOIT, WITH WHOM THE PILGRIMS MADE THAT TREATY
WHICH GAVE THEM FOOTHOLD



THE PILGRIM

AMERICA'S KINGLY ANCESTOR WHO MET THE KING OF TERRORS
WITHOUT A TREMOR



Courtesy John A. Lowell

THE MAYFLOWER HEADED FOR AMERICA

The Pageant of "The Pilgrim Spirit" was written, directed, and driven to overwhelming success by George Pierce Baker, Dramatic Professor in Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Professor Baker's untiring energy and accurate delineation of the Separatist has emphasized to the entire world the wonderful Pilgrim story.

The Last Day of the Plymouth Pageant --“The Pilgrim Spirit,” August 13, 1921

The Sovereigns of the Air gave a June-bred day in mid-August on which we viewed the grandest pageant our land has ever seen, commemorating, through the Tercentenary celebration, the landing on Plymouth Rock, a disembarkation that shook two continents.

This celebration, in its preparation, action, and manifold forms covered the years 1920-21. In space, it stretched over three lands and two oceans from Austerfield, Gainsborough, Bawtry, Scrooby, Boston, and Mollie Brown's Cove, close to Haltonskilterhaven, on the east coast of England to Middelburg, Kampen, Emden, Naarden, Amsterdam, Leyden, and Delfshaven, then across the North Sea through the Channel to Southampton, Dartmouth, and England's Plymouth, thence over the Atlantic to Provincetown and Plymouth on Cape Cod.

The American Tercentenary Committee, one hundred and more in number, elected to visit the Motherland, leaving New York in the spring of 1920. At Pilgrim shrines, in both England and in North and South Holland, they were welcomed and shown the greatest consideration, respect, and regard. Receptions, dinners, and the unveiling of tablet-memorials, with speeches, special entertainments, and excursions, marked the progress and course of this committee from the landing day in Europe to the hour of departure for home.

The admixture of kindly fellowship was still farther advanced by the Sulgrave Institute, through the purchase and embellishment of the home of Washington's ancestors in England, and through the keen interest shown by patriotic societies in England, Holland, and America.

In America throughout the years 1920-21, the press, pulpit, and lecture platform, pageant, college, and school sounded the praises of these valiant, conscientious people, who, on December 21, 1620, landed on Plymouth Rock, and by this act aided in founding the Empire of the West.

This little group proved to the world that, even though completely shut off from foreign supplies, they were able with but few crude hand tools to wrest a living from land and sea in a country in which there were no domestic animals. In agriculture, fishing, and barter, this Pilgrim band made comfortable progress. The world took cognizance of the demonstration. The tide set westward, and the future of English colonies in America, which up to that hour faced black disaster, was assured.

A fitting consummation of the two years' celebration of the soul-stirring beginnings of our nation was the historical pageant staged at Plymouth in the summer of 1921, costing upwards of one hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars.

The permanent, essential, and appropriate improvements at Plymouth along the water front, emphasizing to the world the importance of this landing, also cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. Appraised by sentiment and the nobler impulses, the results are unlimited, and as permanent as man can make his mark on this planet.

As an education in patriotism to the rising and risen generations, these memorials in permanent art and human movement are of enormous value.

Truth unsheathed its sword and cleft the Gordian knot of misconception, that so long has beclouded the most sacred events in American history.

The Pilgrim Fathers made three excursions, and we did likewise, the last leading us into a vast silence, broken only by the droning hum of a slow-moving motor boat. With Provincetown far astern and the Gurnet well to leeward, we enter Plymouth harbor in a season vastly different from that icy December of 1620.

As in Pilgrim times, a seal rose to the surface close to the bow, awash with the sea, suggesting both a human form and the origin of the mermaid myth. As the splash of the oncoming boat washed over the sylph-like creature's face, transformed close to human similitude by the veil of waters, it weirdly threw itself backward and slowly sank beneath our keel.



THE OLDEST INHABITANT BOWED A WELCOME

At low tide even today, one hundred or more of these Simians of the Sea sun themselves on the shoals, and then flounder to the waves, when man usurps their domain. Two whales, probably fifty feet long, with tails as big as our boat, spouted and splashed within one hundred yards of us—in fact, far too near for a land lubber's equanimity.

Color, environment, and the incidents of unchanging nature all lend themselves to the hour and the scene of the Pilgrim journey towards their Promised Land.

The Pilgrim spirit permeated every shred of matter, from an azure, cloudless, canopied sky to the deeper blue of an azure sea.

The Gurnet, Plymouth, and White Horse beaches, frowning Manomet, and even the planks beneath our feet pulsed with the spirit of the hour, as we gave ourselves so completely to a presence in a realm of Pilgrim phantasy that can be reproduced as realistically nowhere else on this green earth.



WHITE HORSE BEACH



THE GURNET

We needed no compass in the clear sunlight of this Last Pageant Day. Our course was the same as that of the Pilgrim shallop, steered by helmsman Thomas English on that wild night of November 19, 1620. Hugging close to Saquish Head, we turned the leaves of Bradford's thrilling description of that part of the voyage, and listened to the quaint lore of three centuries ago. Here is the record:

"Rounding Saquish Head, dark and raining sore, divided in their mindes what to do, they landed with much adoe, got fire (all things being so wette) secure from ye Indians, where they might dry their stufe, fixe their peeeces and rest themselves and give God thanks for His mercies in their manifold deliverances."



Courtesy A. S. Burbank

PLYMOUTH HARBOR, SAQUISH HEAD, AND THE GURNET



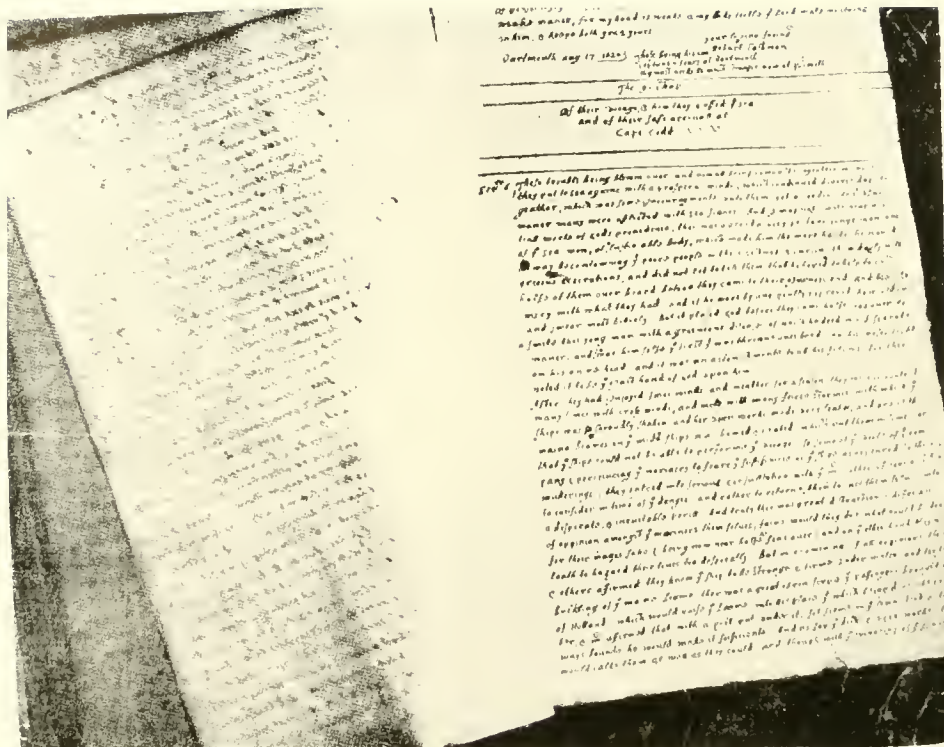
THE FIRST MEN'S PRAYER MEETING HELD IN AMERICA,
ON CLARK'S ISLAND

Our goal today is Pulpit Rock on this same Clark's Island.* This landmark rests on an upland which rises from a small pasture. Standing on its surface, seamed by time and storm, one views Plymouth beach and hill from a point that brings out their most attractive setting, a land fall that must have looked good to the sick-of-the-sea, as it did to us, as we gazed at its rare beauty. Near the rock's edge, the Pilgrim sentinel mounted guard, on that piercing cold December morning, wary of Indian attack. Sheltered by the enormous boulder, and intermittently warmed by the campfire's fitful blaze, the Bible was opened, the Living Word was read, and prayers of thankfulness given. The men's voices in unison echoed against rock and mound as they sang Ainsworth's Psalm Melodies.

In reverent silence, we leave one of the most sacred, historic spots on our continent. We stride again over the pasture land, board our boat, and, pushing off, head for the outer bay and the broad Atlantic. Later, "about ship," we hold the course sailed by the Craft-of-Destiny, which, having housed anchor at Provincetown, rounded Manomet's beach and headland, and slowly tacked into Plymouth's tortuous and shallow harbor.

To follow both record and imagination, we ground anchor as the pilgrim did in the Cow Yard, a mile and a half off shore, close by the fretted Horse Market, where the tides of Plymouth, Duxbury, and Kingston clash for supremacy, and ever lose, when the ebb and flow cease their struggle.

*Governor Andros quarreled with the Plymouth authorities over ownership of this island.



BRADFORD'S BOOK, WHOSE LEAVES WE TURNED AUGUST 13, 1921

In imagination, we are now in the cumbersome, heavily planked long boat, pushing away from the Mayflower's* side, her railing crowded with anxious-hearted fellow passengers. The die is about to be cast. We are headed for that tiny boulder, then but a pebble on one of a thousand beaches; today, in the year 1921, greeted as a stepping stone to a glorious success, with which the entire world is familiar. Reaching shallow water, the keel crunches on the sand and the craft lists well to starboard. In an instant our crew is increased by eighteen shadowy forms, who, leaping on the rock, join us in reconsecrating the land.

For an hour the sun has sunk out of sight in the west. Creeping shadows now shroud in darkness the newly made water front, which, in its restoration, closely follows the

*What the sand tentacles of Cape Cod failed to do to the Mayflower they did disastrously to over two thousand staunch and goodly vessels from that hour to the present. A stroll along shore will bring into view and touch the prey of the sea half buried in the sand.

primitive shore line of Plymouth. Oliver Wendell Holmes, if alive, would see the following picture he drew in 1855 of an appropriate Pilgrim testimonial then conceived, but born in the year 1921.

The pictured thought of Holmes has been realistically carried out by the Tercentenary Committee. The commercialism of the encumbered water front has been blotted out; the "scowl of the landscape" has been restored, and today we view the bay's contour as the Pilgrim saw it.

"It is not by displays of art, I venture to think, that we can best honor the soil of Plymouth and the memory of its colonists. The sea is their eternal monument so long as its blue tablet shall glisten in the light of morning. The lonely island where they passed their first "Christian Sabbath" will stand until winter has scaled off the storied surface of the most enduring monolith. The bleak sand will be there, and the stern rocks forever, and December will sheet them with the snows that make them doubly desolate until the heavens are shrivelled as a scroll. The memorial should have for its two leading qualities simplicity and durability. If I could finish Cologne Cathedral with a word and transport it with a wish, the last spot in New England I would choose for it would be the landing place of the Plymouth Pilgrims. The serene and heavenly smile of those devoted men and women has for its natural background (if so trivial an expression may be used) the scowl of the bare landscape around their place of refuge. Thus surrounded, one impression dominates all others in the mind of him who seeks the holy place to live over the days of the struggling colonists. Point to the level bank and say, 'There lies the dust of John Carver and all the bold men and patient women that perished around him,' and our thoughts are nearer heaven already than the tallest structure of art can climb with its aspiring capstone."

Cyclonic, kaleidoscopic changes are they that break into the little New England town in this year 1921. At the doorway of the New World enters in pageant the Old. The scene shifts as the drama of truth broadens. Thousands now breathlessly watch the process of turning back the centuries. Eternity seems visualized. "A thousand years are but as yesterday" as the pageant opens. Happily coined by Professor Charles Pierce Baker was the phrase "The Pilgrim Spirit," permeating every nook and corner of the first town of Massachusetts, which,



Courtesy of Plymouth

PLYMOUTH ROCK

wakened from its normal, elm-embowered quietude as the jostling crowds wended their way through the narrow streets to view with rapt attention the drama of three centuries as it is unrolled for the first time to the view of man.

Descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, gaze and listen!

In clarion voice, "The rock speaketh, let the earth rejoice!"

"I, the Rock of Plymouth, speak to you, Americans!

Here I rested in the ooze

From the ages primordial,

Men came and went; Norsemen,

Seamen of England, voyagers of France, Dutch adventurers;

Over and round me

The Indians worked, played, lived.

I was a rock of millions along the shore,

Waiting—for what?

* * * * *

To me the Pilgrims come, on me they stand,
 As one by one they land
 Here they will work out their salvation.
 For this I have been waiting, waiting.
 Of me, the rock in the ooze, they made a corner-stone of the
 nation."



THE LINES OF THE WATER FRONT AS THE PILGRIMS KNEW IT,
 RESTORED IN 1921

On the esplanade fronting two thousand feet on the water and stretching back six hundred feet from Plymouth Rock to Coale's Pilgrim Burial Hill, were staged the score of scenes composite with the making of our nation. To the onlooker, only one thought could interject itself into these historic scenes and be in full accord with the spectacle. Yonder, edging the very rock on which this rare group of zealots landed, lies the restored water front. The bay and the grave land under our very feet were consecrated by Pilgrim presence and Pilgrim exhortation, prayer, and praise. This is no make believe, artificial stage, echoing with mummeries. In our thought we dwell in a land vibrant with retrospect and action, different from any other that humanity has ever seen. We are in the midst of world making.

Through Geo. H. Russell of Lowell, who spent a large sum of money in photographs as official representative for the Tercentenary Commission, the pageant officials, and the movie world, I have these rights to use the following pageant pictures.



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THE VIKINGS



VIKING CRAFT OFF PLYMOUTH BEACH



LANDING OF THE EAGLE-CRESTED VIKINGS
OF THE NORTHERN SEAS



THORWALD'S GRAVE ON
THE GURNET

The pageant of known history opens with the coming of the yellow-clad, eagle-crowned viking barons of the Northern Seas. These Norsemen in unequal combat disdainfully kill, throttle, and enslave the Skraelings, who in their view cumber the land. Thorwald is slain by the Indians, and the first European cemetery in America is started. It is on the Gurnet.

The searchlights that clearly outlined every detail are now as thoroughly doused as Bradford or Standish extinguished their pine knots at curfew. Darkness as black as pitch shrouds the land.

The comings and the goings of these people who dared—their risks and their triumphs—rose with gripping force in full view of the spectators at Plymouth in 1921.

Ten thousand hearts thrill and thrill again with the retrospective influence of place and hour as the next move of our forefather Empire Builders is tensely awaited.

English Separatists, when at home, in order to circumvent greedy informers, gathered to worship secretly in the gravel pits, hay lofts, and cellars of London, Gainsborough and the Scrooby region.



LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

THE COLUMBUS SPIRIT IN THE HEART OF EACH
SEARCHER FOR LAND



SAMOSSET, IN WONDER, GAZING AT THE ONCOMING MAYFLOWER

On this unique water front, history again repeats its form, as through the brush edging the shore boldly stalks the Pilgrim vanguard.



WASHING ON THE BEACH

In y^e name of god Amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyall subjects of our dread Soueraigne Lord King James by y^e graces of god, of great Britaine, France, & Ireland King, defender of y^e faith, &c.
 Having undertaken, for y^e glorie of god, and advancements of y^e Christian, and honour of our King & Country, a voyage to plant y^e first Colonie in y^e Northern parts of Virginia. Do by these presents solemnly & mutually in y^e presence of god, and one of another, Covenant, & combine our selves together into a civill body politick; for y^e better ordering, & preservation & furtherance of y^e ends aforesaid; and by vertue hereof to enacte, constitute, and frame such just & equall Lawes, ordinances, Acts, constitutions, & offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meeke & convenient for y^e generall good of y^e Colonie: unto which we promise all due submission and obedience for evermore whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Citty Called y^e 11. of November, in y^e year of y^e raigne of our Soueraigne Lord King James of England, France, & Ireland y^e eighteenth and of Scotland y^e fifth & fourth An: Dom. 1620.

The signers of the "Mayflower" compact, bearing date Nov. 11, 1620, were:

1. John Carver	15. Edward Tilley	29. Degory Priest
2. William Bradford	16. John Tilley	30. Thomas Williams
3. Edward Winslow	17. Francis Cooke	31. Gilbert Winslow
4. William Brewster	18. Thomas Rogers	32. Edmund Margeson
5. Isaac Allerton	19. Thomas Tinker	33. Peter Brown
6. Myles Standish	20. John Rigdale	34. Richard Brutteridg
7. John Alden	21. Edward Fuller	35. George Soule
8. Samuel Fuller	22. John Turner	36. Richard Clarke
9. Christopher Martin	23. Francis Eaton	37. Richard Gardiner
10. William Mullins	24. James Chilton	38. John Allerton
11. William White	25. John Crackston	39. Thomas English
12. Richard Warren	26. John Billington	40. Edward Dotey
13. John Howland	27. Moses Fletcher	41. Edward Lister
14. Stephen Hopkins	28. John Goodman	

THE PILGRIM COMPACT AND THE SIGNERS



GOVERNOR WILLIAM BRADFORD'S BIRTHPLACE
AND HOME AT AUSTERFIELD



Copy of Charles Paddy's painting from the Royal Academy of 1907.

WORSHIP FROM THE HEART IN THE FACE OF BLEAK, INCLEMENT ENVIRONMENT

We see before us exactly what happened three hundred years ago almost to the hour. Slight wonder that red blooded Americans thrill with thought-speed as they are transported in mind to the day and year December 21, 1620. The entrancing arrogance of acts that uncover the graves of the past, on the actual site of their occupants' activities, rehabilitating scenes and actors that for centuries have slipped into oblivion, captivates and stirs the most phlegmatic nature. As the onlookers, individually and in the aggregate, trace their lineage through scores and hundreds of lines; even vivid imagination halts its backward course amazed, if not completely paralyzed.



MARY CHILTON LANDING ON
THE ROCK*

Gazing at these Dutch-bred Englishmen of the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, passengers on the Mayflower that swings at her mooring in the offing, who swarm about rock, beach, and water front, then cautiously climbing the bank, and stand facing, not the ambushed Indian, but in the presence of the Infinite, the onlooker glories in the source of his nativity.



CAUTIOUSLY CLIMBING THE SLOPE OF
COALE'S HILL

*So states folk lore. Cold unromantic fact reads differently.

In the Motherland, a half decade of centuries slipped away before the groping Puritan spirit, that had quivered in the heart and rumbled in the ears of the Old World masses, stirred our English ancestors sufficiently for them to find voice. Twenty-five years before the ringing words in the Magna Charta of 1215 awakened England, a group of weavers at Oxford claimed free worship. Later William of Accorn and later still Walter Lollard's adherents fostered the faith which Wyclif's Bible taught and the pioneer reformer followed. Near Sturton-le-Steeple, in the summer of 1523, William Tyndale, on his journey to a martyr's grave, halted long enough to read to wayside gatherings from his Bible, not made from a translation, but from the grander original. Tyndale told the cow boy that he need no longer listen to the harangues of cowed preachers in an alien tongue, but though uneducated and a hireling for wages, he could spell out the words that stood for spiritual freedom and eternal life. Tyndale also prophesied that the chained Bible would be cleft from the church pillar and become the Bible of the people. This was no idle promise, though the path led to stake and scaffold.

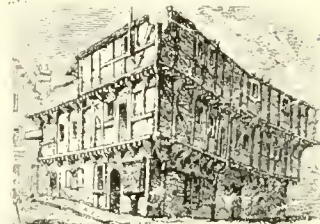
Pageant gazers, roam foot-free across shadowy back-grounds, through which stride a Tyndale, a Coverdale, a Greenwood, a Barrow, a Ridley, a Crammer, a Penry, a Knox, a Calvin, and a Luther; Robert Browne, John Smyth, and a long line of seekers after God, who "fearing God, feared nothing else."

Could a more appropriate piece of mother earth exist on which to celebrate Advance than this sanctified bit of ground at which we gaze, on which is traced in unfading lines the making of the American careers of the Pilgrim and the Puritan?

In strong contrast with the sleeve faggot-branded, staff-in-hand Lollards that now center the stage, are the myriads of seated spectators and thousands crowded against the side lines. These in an instant are transported under the blazing glare of the searchlight, within the court of King James I, with his gaudily-attired and hilariously framed courtiers.



CHURCH AT BAWTRY WHERE SEPARATISTS WORSHIPPED

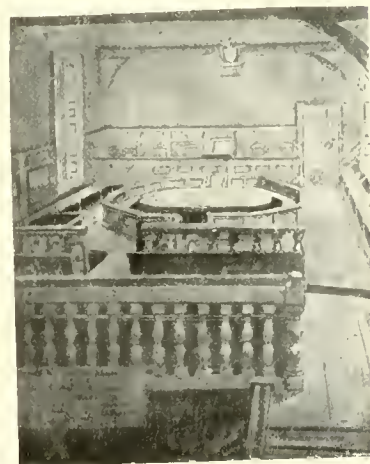


Old Houses, Boston, England.

HOW THEY BUILT IN OLD BOSTON



HAY LOFT IN WHICH THE SEPARATISTS WORSHIPPED



THE HALL WHERE THE PILGRIMS WERE TRIED IN BOSTON



SCROOBY CHURCH WHERE THE PILGRIMS WORSHIPPED



SCROOBY MANOR HOUSE THE HOME OF WILLIAM BREWSTER

The "wisest fool in christendom" is shown meeting his subjects on a forum platform. The Millenary Petition is presented to His Highness. It aims to reform ecclesiastics and the Prayer Book. Later, before this same king, one beholds Free Churchmen, yet willing exiles, Cushman and Carver. With all the fervor of Romans before their august Senate, they petition His Majesty to allow them to be called English sub



PARADE OF PAGEANT PARTICIPANTS

jects in any land, proud of the blood that gave them being. They also crave permission to leave Holland for America. Well do these fearless Separatists hold their own in their discussion with the king, who ever took comfort in "talking things over," in the end giving short shrift to his verbal opponent.

The Puritans listen, with respectful bearing, but rebellious heart, as the royal tocsin rings from the king's throat:

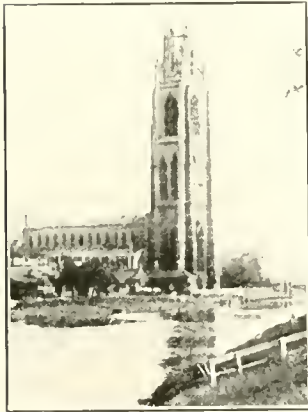


GROUP OF PURITANS

"I will harry them out of the land." The precedent of Spain in casting out her children will be followed by Stuart England.

At Gainsborough, Austerfield, Scrooby, and Bawtry, one sees farther unfolding of the Pilgrim drama. In mind's eye we note the remains of an ancient moat, then came a steepled church, a plank walk to raise one from the low, semi-marsh-land as the traveler threads his way to the "mean townlet" of Scrooby, past the hollow mulberry tree planted by the disgraced primate of Henry VIII.

In Scrooby, William Brewster was the "post." He furnished horses, liberty and entertainment for the king's messengers en route across the kingdom, north and south. Here the Pilgrim leader from London settled in his birth town after his strenuous life in Holland and at Elizabeth's court when secretary to Ambassador Davison. To daily read the Bible in the home severed from the pillar in the church to which the clergy had chained it was the effort of Puritan, Separatist, and embryo Pilgrim. In the Scrooby district, the cry for "Free Church" issued from thousands of hearts and voices; a cry of the soul that sped north, south, east, and west, throughout our Fatherland, the Isle of Fate.



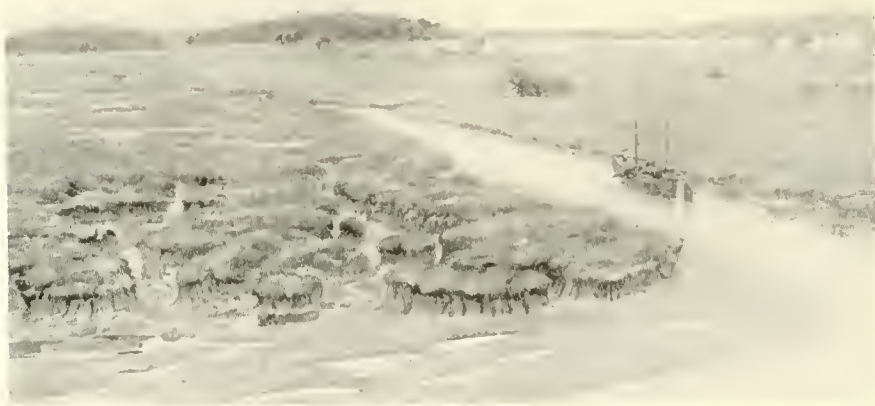
COMMUNICANTS CAME FROM THE
SHORES OF THE RIVER WITHAM WHICH
WAS SHADOWED BY GREAT ST. BO-
TOLPH'S SIX HUNDRED YEAR OLD
STEEPLE

These first Bostonians came to worship in this little thatched roof church on "Firste," later King, now State Street, in Boston-on-the-Charles.

The rose months of May and June in 1608 saw the final break at Mollie Brown's Cove. The scene of departure was recreated on the historic field edging Plymouth Rock. The drop



THE BALKED ATTEMPT OF THE PILGRIMS TO FLEE FROM MOLLIE BROWN'S COVE NEAR HALTONSKILTERHAVEN



Courtesy of Our Pilgrim Forefather, Charles Stedman Houks

MOLLIE BROWN'S COVE



OFF TO HOLLAND AND
FREEDOM

Thus the Separatists crossed
the channel and the North Sea
to Middelburg and Amsterdam.



DELFSHAVEN HARBOR EXACTLY AS IT LOOKED WHEN THE
PILGRIMS SAILED OUT OF IT IN JULY, 1620



IN THIS CHURCH AT DELFSHAVEN THE PILGRIMS WORSHIPPED
JUST BEFORE SAILING

of a pin could have been heard, so enrapt were the thousands of onlookers during this scene. Then followed a vivid portrayal of the interrupted departure, the scurrying, mounted sheriffs



LEYDEN TO THE FORE



THE PILGRIMS LEAVING HOLLAND

armed with bale sticks, bludgeons, and even firearms, screaming women; children frightened and shivering in the cold.

Yes, on Serooby ground lived, prayed, preached, and plotted the Pilgrim. From this halting place and "post," on the great North Road leading to Scotland, he fled to Boston in



THE COMING OF THE NATIONS

Lincolnshire to be betrayed and find ignominy and a prison cell.

Yet within six months the enthralled English Scrooby Separatists had reached Holland, that land made free by William the Silent, who tore his people from under the Spanish yoke, and in the tearing opened the gates of freedom to Englishmen and the oppressed of every land. A true land of refuge it was to Frances Johnson, Robert Browne, John Smyth,



SIGNING OF THE COMPACT



GOVERNOR CARVER MAKING HIS FAMOUS TREATY WITH
MASSASOIT

the Hickmans, and hundreds of Englishmen, many of whom remained in the Netherlands, though numbers kept on to Switzerland—another federal republic.

A great land, this of Holland, a land of homes filled with gladness and good cheer, which truth, even more than arms and valor, had made free! As this immense throng gazed at the citizens of Middelburg, Amsterdam, Leyden, and Delfshaven, there arose in clear vision the social environment in which the Pilgrim Fathers had their first taste of liberty.

On this miniature modern plain of Esdraelon bordering Plymouth Bay—the scene of religious happenings rivalling those of Palestine—in the mind's eye one saw enacted in suc-



THE INDIAN DANCER

cession the escape of Pilgrims from a monarchy to a republic, the life therein, the return across the choppy Channel, the disappointment at Southampton, the relanding from Land's End, the tarrying at Plymouth, England, the reduction of two companies to a single ship, with some left behind: the prolonged and stormy ocean voyage, the possibility of foundering at sea, and the desired, though not at first intended, landing on the sandy Cape-of-Endless-Naming.

Antedating the landing of 1620, one saw chronologically staged the coming of the pre-Pilgrim pioneer adventurers to Plymouth Bay; Martin Pring building his palisade in 1603; in 1605 the landing of Champlain, Admiral of New France, who plotted Plymouth harbor, and close to a decade thereafter the Dutchman Block sailing his Manhattan-built *Onrust* across the Horse Market, dropping anchor in the Cow Yard.



SIGNING TREATY WITH MASSASOIT

Then came the Indian slaver, Thomas Hunt, who captured a full score of aborigines, among them Squanto, that "painted hunter," who was surely sent to serve the Pilgrim and varied his office of interpreter with that of an instructor in farming and fishing.

The historical pageant now spelled deeper tragedy and leaped from man to matter. The sombre, slightly yellow green tinged lights that illumined the vacant field wrapped in a silence that could be felt by every onlooker, pictured the black pestilence of 1618 that smothered Indian life, enabling Pilgrim life to take deeper root. In the center of the plain, was portrayed the signing of the Pilgrim Compact in the Mayflower cabin.



TRIAL OF LYFORD

A real landing, this of our forefathers! With hearts throned in joy and voices trembling with deep-seated emotion, they praised their Maker while breathing the air of freedom.

Though shadowed with death and disaster the surviving fifty-four souls rejoiced with the thought of worshipping, in their own way, the God whom, despite all their sorrows, they hailed as their infinite friend, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him," was the burden of the faith that never quailed!



THE PROCESSION TO THE CEMETERY OCCURRED IN THE LATE AFTERNOON DURING THE SUMMER OF 1921. IN HOMAGE TO THE HEROIC BAND WHO TROD THE SANDS AND HILLS OF PLYMOUTH THREE CENTURIES AGO

The ford at the town brook, the meeting with Massasoit on Watson's Hill, where Edward Winslow was left as a host-



TEN THOUSAND SPELLBOUND MODERN PILGRIMS



THE INDIAN DANCE

PEREGRINE WHITE'S FIRST
AIRING ON PLYMOUTH BEACH.

Strenuous days were these for the firstling struggling to combat inclement weather and disease.



age; Governor Carver and Massasoit signing the Treaty which, for fifty-five years, held back tomahawk and scalping knife, were all realistically, artistically, impressively depicted.

On the turf-surface of this ideal stage, one saw the attempt of Oldham and Lyford to disrupt the colony; the intercepted letters were shown; both the argument and condemnation were heard, and the punishment outlined.

Following the death of Governor Carver, his military funeral, and the election of Bradford, a great multitude as one throbbing heart entered into the stern, heroic pathos of the next scene: "The Return of the Mayflower to England."

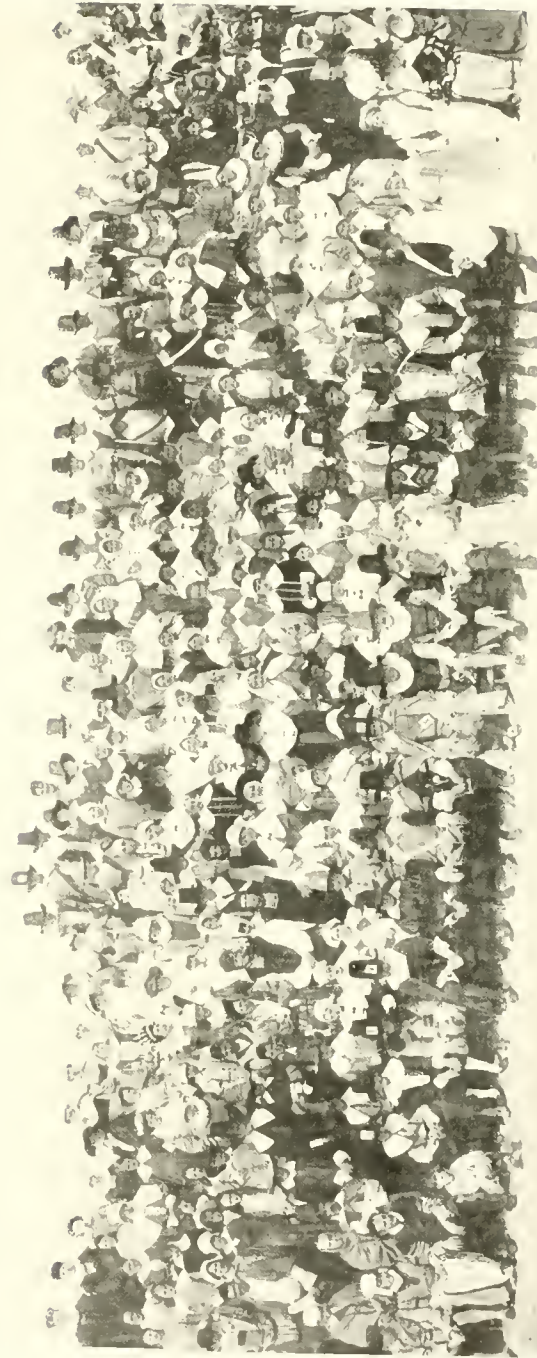
Time passed ceases. We are in the present. The lighted field is now in darkness. Silence falls upon the multitude. The pageant is finished, but the influence of place and hour halts all movement. It is as if after the benediction, heads are bowed for a brief season before awakening to the actual re-entrance into the world's activities.

Individuality asserts itself; life surges onward, but the impress on the Heart is as in steel, not in wax. To see the first flutterings of freedom close against the earth ere it reached America, to note its gradual rise, and final pinioned flight among and above the heights is the rare joy of all who saw the pageant of "The Pilgrim Spirit" at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in the year of our Lord 1921. Well may America live up to the record of her infancy!

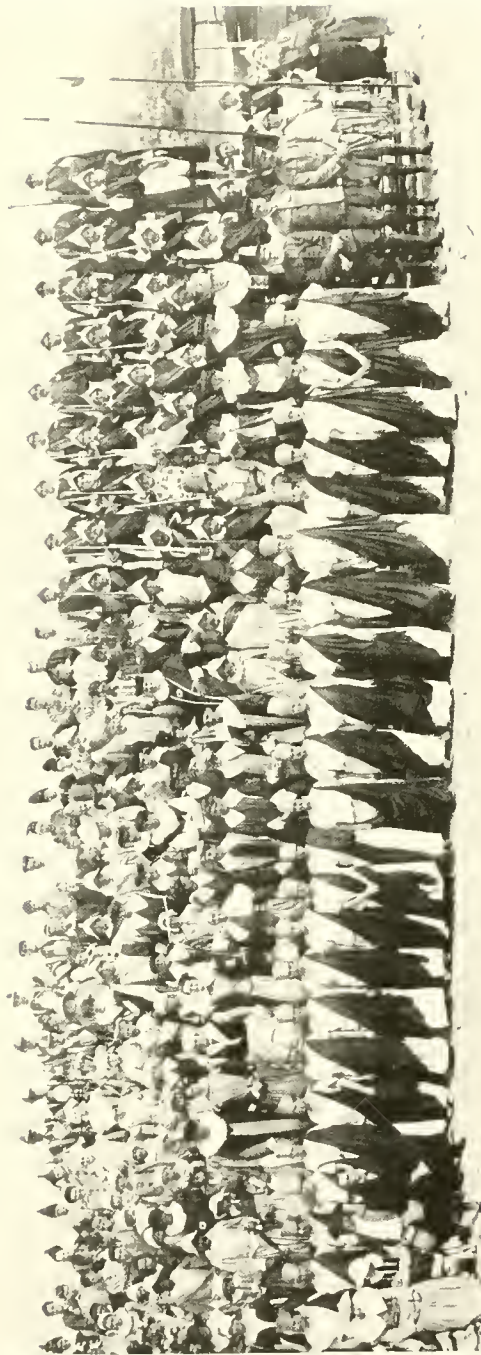


THE INDIAN DANCER

FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS SHOWING THE FINALE OF THE PLYMOUTH PAGEANT

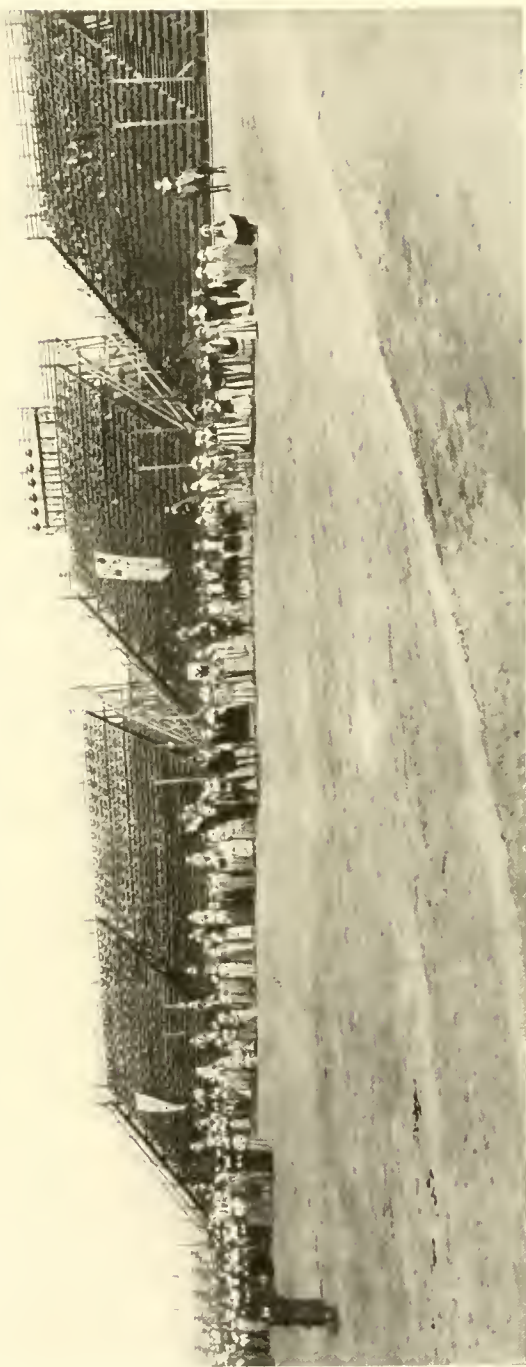




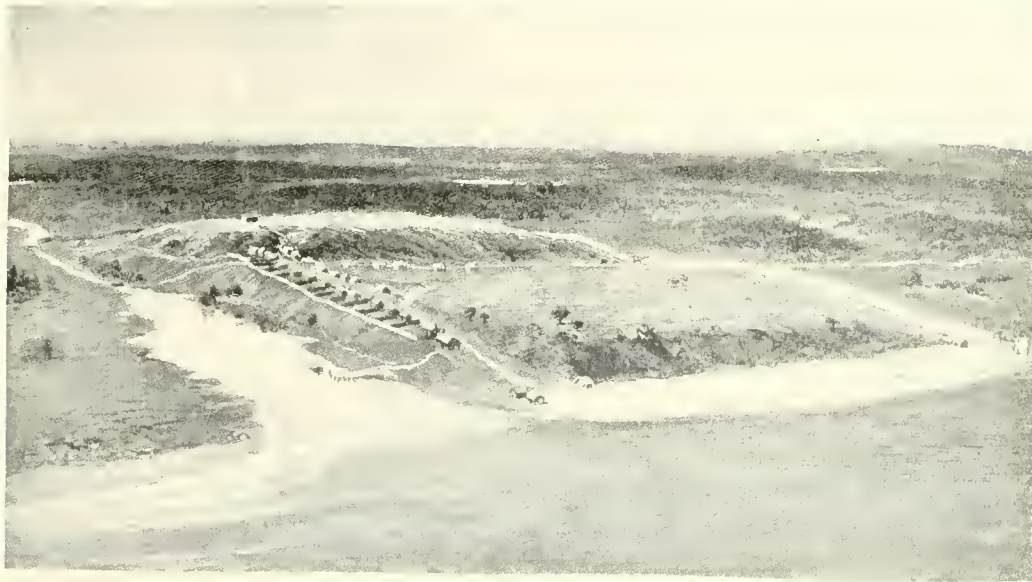








THE GRAND STAND ON COALE'S HILL



Courtesy of Our Pilgrim Forefather, Charles Stedman Hanks

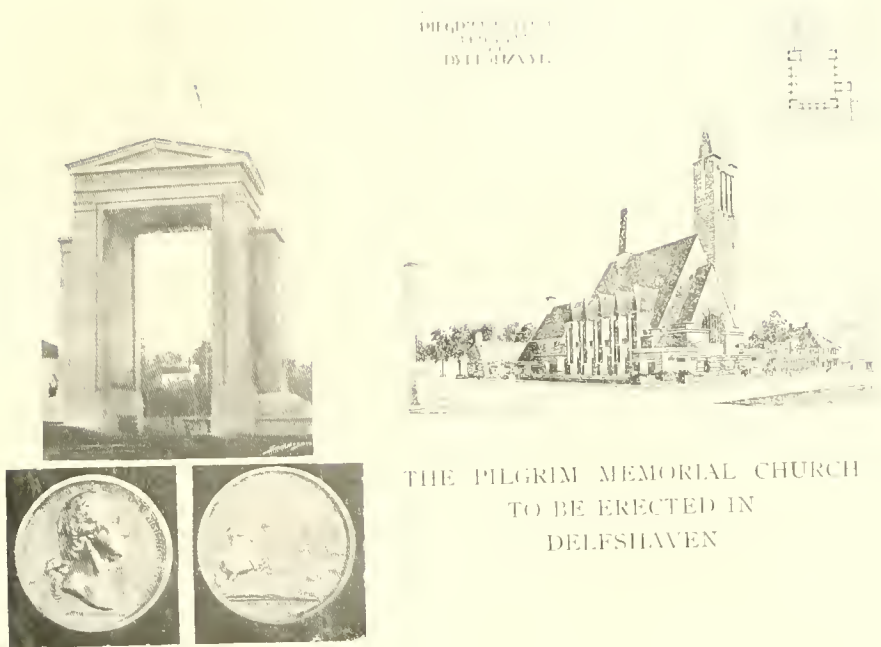
AS THE SETTLEMENT OF OUR FATHERS LOOKED
ON PLYMOUTH HILL IN 1621

THAT FIRST "STREETE" IN MASSACHUSETTS. THE PILGRIMS ANTICIPATED
HAUSSMANN'S PLAN OF PROTECTING PARIS BY
PLANTING CANNON TO CONTROL THOROUGHFARES



THE BLOND MAID OF PATUXET-PLYMOUTH

"Nay, for she is a Puritan; at her needle too; indeed, she makes religious petticoats, for flowers she'll make church histories."



THE PILGRIM MEMORIAL CHURCH
TO BE ERECTED IN
DELFTSHAVEN

"THE OPEN DOOR," THE ONLY VISIBLE BOUNDARY ON OUR THREE
THOUSAND MILE NORTHERN FRONTIER

THE MAN WHOSE SEEMING FAILURES PROVED GLORIOUS suc-
cesses, FORCEFUL, RESERVED, THE "FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY"



THAT "ONE WAY" CANAL ON CAPE COD

Another publication off the press in December, 1921, by the Century History Company of 8 West 47th street, New York City, is

HISTORY

OF THE

PILGRIMS *and* PURITANS

Their Ancestry and Descendants

BY

JOSEPH DILLAWAY SAWYER

Author of "How to Make a Country Place"

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, A.M., D.D., L.H.D.

Editor

Author of "The Pilgrims in Their Homes," "Young People's History of the Pilgrims," and other works.

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*They include all Plymouth memorials new and old to the hour of going to press.

College presidents and historical writers state without qualification that this monumental work in scope, accuracy, and chronology, will be an authority for years to come.

The thousand pages of text, in addition to the fifteen hundred to two thousand illustrations, portray the development of the Puritan spirit as it first rooted on the Rock of Thanet in the year 449 A. D., spread over England, swung to the farthest borders of east and west Europe, then back again through Europe to the Isle of Fate, and across the Atlantic to Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill. The nearly two hundred thousand persons who saw the collection of Puritan and Pilgrim literature, rare photographs and memorials, (now scattered, on exhibition for six months in the New York Public Library arranged through the indefatigable efforts of Victor Hugo Paltsits, Custodian of Rare Manuscripts and Historian in the New York Library), will be overjoyed to know that the leading features of this collection have been preserved in these three volumes, embracing many Bible editions, the Parliamentary Journal of Queen Elizabeth, Dr. John Whitgift's railings against the Puritan, titles of books written by Robert Brown, John Smyth, the Baptist; Henry Barrowe; John Penry, the Pilgrim Martyr, supposed author of the Martin Marprelate Tracts; his quaint and seemingly ridiculous pamphlets flung amid the English masses in 1589 and 1590 created unrest, (many a scholar in Oxford and Cambridge carved beneath his gown, Marprelate literature); Brewster's books and many others, including works by Captain John Smith and co-writers of the seventeenth century.

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